

JOURNAL 1912

At Eugene Rouart's request, I had gone to rue de
Lisbonne to get
news of Y. and of S. Frightened by the sound of voices
and warned by
the concierge of the presence of the E/s and of some
foreign bodies, I
didn't go up.

Finished the day at Paul Des jardins's, where my
fatigue suddenly in-
creased greatly. Where does that insurmountable
embarrassment come
from that I invariably experience in his presence? And
why does he al-
ways appear so embarrassed in my presence? He is a
self-dominated fig-
ure who (for he never lets himself go) always succeeds
in being, in any
circumstance, just the way he thinks he ought to be; I
always feel petty
and personal compared with him.

Nothing can express the weariness of my mind.

Friday

To my low physical condition is now added a constant
headache and
a great intellectual fatigue. I feel desperately far from
myself. I had
trouble going to sleep and, as the night was drawing to
a close, Mont-
fort's hatred and misrepresentation of my thought
began to mate me
suffer so much that I got up to write a preface for *La*
Porte étroite. It
was not yet five o'clock. I struggled for some time (but
how make those
understand who will not understand?); then,
exhausted, went to bed
again fully dressed and sank into sleep.

Yet I went to see Jacques Riviere this morning. How
I like and ad-
mire the resourcefulness of his intelligence and the
grace of his sym-
pathy! Then Alain-Fournier came in and I tried not to
cut too poor a
figure in his eyes.

This afternoon, after my English lesson, I go to take
Paule Gobillard
the address of the druggist that Paul Desjardins gave
me yesterday,
where she can get pitchblende muds. Through
weariness I note these
little details without attempting to comment.

The friend who came with E. P. to Andermatt had a
pointed nose

like Alain-Fournier's. Pointed noses: only moderately sensual people.

Saturday,

I start out too late, this first day when I happen to have something else to write but whimperings*

Catholicism is inadmissible. Protestantism is intolerable. And I feel profoundly Christian.

Our Grandfather Rondeaux, of a very Catholic family, but himself an Encyclopedist and admirer of Voltaire, had exacted of Mile Poudh. et, his wife, a very ardent Protestant, that their male children should be